

THE PRESS ON THE PRINCE.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals Upon Current Topics—Continued Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

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From the N. Y. World.

The Tribune has amused itself and us lately by forceful denunciations of the dignity of the press, and of the denunciations of those journals which detailed the movements of public men. The too credulous readers of that journal accepted this as the real reason why the Tribune was so far behind its neighbors on these matters. But the wiser mind knew full well that it was not a voluntary abstention, but an involuntary incapacity, which hindered these things from being related in those columns, and that beyond the domain of Jenkins, in the realm of politics and of things in general, it refrained from giving the news of the day with quite as serene an indifference as that with which it turned its averted gaze away from the down-sittings and the up-risings of famous sojourners.

When Prince Arthur came, however, the Tribune had an inspiration of enterprise come upon it, and it determined to report him. But here it acknowledged a divided duty. It yearned to reconcile its duty to the public with its duty to its own consistency. If it told the news, it would not be beaten, to be sure, but its enemies would revile it, saying, "Go to, now, how is this Tribune fallen into the snare which it hath privily digged for another." If it did not give the news, it would not be bought. Here was a dilemma. But the ingenuity of the Tribune was equal to the occasion, and it took the Bull by both horns. De Quincy tells of a certain peripatetic philosopher, "Walking Stewart" by title, who spent half a century in "metaphysizing against metaphysics." Similarly the Tribune has been devoting its vast powers to Jenkinizing Jenkins. Its method is peculiar and funny. What things concerning the coming of the Prince it deemed "dignified" to relate were related as by its own reporter, speaking as one having authority, and not as the scribes of other journals. But there remained a residuum of things which the Tribune considered were necessary to be told, and which could not be told by the Tribune with "dignity." *Commenia propria dicere* was acknowledged to be one of the chief difficulties of composition by Horatio Flaccus; but it presents no difficulty at all to Horatius Greeley. After the regular reporter has had his say, he erects a hypothetical reporter of another and anonymous journal upon his ruins, and lets him tell the rest. "A young person," we are told, "who was said to represent a provincial paper, * * * button-holed the proprietor, who listened impatiently to his questionings," and so indirectly imparted in answer thereto the information for which the readers of the Tribune were supposed to be famishing, but which the Tribune itself would rather perish than supply. Out of the mouth of this hypothetical babe and sucking the Prince's paps and the Prince's privates could be innocently sung, and thereby the Tribune save its credit and its cake.

This is an interesting procedure, and not less so in that it gives us the Tribune's notion of what is and what is not befitting the dignity of journalism. "Do you know," said the bland and confiding Pecksniff, in that hour of his shame and his intoxication when unavailing efforts were repeatedly made to put him to bed, but when he persisted in bounding out of that receptacle and indulging oratorical flights over the balustrade—"do you know I would really like to see Mrs. Todgers' notion of a wooden leg, if perfectly agreeable to herself." That spectacle has never been vouchsafed to mankind. But it is scarcely less interesting to contemplate the Tribune's notion of a wooden head, when that intellectual treat is offered, not only agreeably but even unconsciously, to the journal exhibiting it. It is, it seems, quite proper for the Tribune's reporter to relate that the Prince broke fast on "raw oysters, cold chops, and hot coffee." But that his raiment should be described in the same detail as his diet is a thing "most tolerable and not to be endured." When it comes to this a Tribune reporter draws the veil of decency, and rests in the safe generality of "a plain, unpretending travelling suit. A Tribune reporter, without derogation of his 'dignity,' informs us that "the large windows in the bar he occupied furnished ample facility for seeing his whole figure as he sat, seemingly deeply engrossed in his book, his face partially averted, though not sufficient (sic) to screen it." But no Tribune reporter can in his own person descend to the degrading drudgery of enumerating the luggage. At this point enter John Doe, that the trunks and boxes may seem to be vicariously counted. This journalistic fiction, like the legal fiction of the same name, is a most convenient scapegoat. To him, and not by any means to the Tribune reporter, are we indebted for the soothing consciousness that there are "three plain tin boxes, and a bundle of silk umbrellas with paragon frames," "two boxes of every size and shape," that John Doe, and not on any account the Tribune reporter, "did not fail to note the splendid material of the sole-leather trunks," and that there was (and here the rural readers of the Tribune are expected to bate their breath) an actual "fifty dollar value."

THE NEW FENTHESILLA.

When Sir Barnett Skittles encountered poor little Mr. Baps at Dr. Blimber's half-yearly reception, where the hour was half past seven o'clock, and where the object was quadrilles, and when Mr. Baps, with a look of unfathomable profundity, inquired of him, "What are we to do with our raw materials when they come into port in return for our drain of gold?" the great man explained his theory with admirable succinctness. "But suppose," pursued Mr. Baps, out of a deeper depth of financial intelligence, suppose Russia steps in with the talloves?" Sir Barnett, not having contemplated this situation in the light of Russia's tallow, complacently responded that then we must fall back upon our agricultural resources, he supposed. But hearing Mr. Baps, immediately after, asking "What are we to do with our raw materials when they come into port in return for our drain of gold?" of Mr. Foots (who responded "Cook 'em"), the distinguished Parliamentarian was moved to say to Dr. Blimber that Mr. Baps was plainly a remarkable man, a man of science, a man of figures. Whereupon Dr. Blimber was driven deprecatingly to admit that he was indeed a man of figures—"in short, Sir Barnett, our professor of dancing." Whereupon, again, Sir Barnett glowered at the wretched conspirator for the rest of the evening as if he had been Guy Fawkes himself.

This apologue has frequently commended itself to us, but never so forcibly as when we heard, some weeks ago, of the advent of two young women in Wall street as stock operators. Two professors of figures trying to find out what we should do with our raw materials, Toots' of imbecility at every corner, Skittles of society in every window, to remind them of their dancing days, and sneer down their aspirations? After all, there was nothing really to surprise one. Boudiee in her chariot driving over the slain Mr. Woodhull in her coupe following the rise or the ruin of speculations—in both behold the feminine thrill for power and glory at the expense of somebody else! Not that we object. But we are forever getting new light on the actual woman, and finding out how different she is from the ideal woman in whom the world has believed, as a churchman in the Virgin, for unnumbered years. What gracious illusions we lose by the illumination we will not here pause to consider. We certainly make some gains. It is proved that the actual woman, for instance, has capacities for sound and fury, unpleasant in themselves, but signifying a superiority of energy seeking some sufficient use. It is proved that she has great ingenuity in transferring the pence of the money-making sex to her own coffers, as witness the feminine—we had almost written the diabolical—arts of the charity-fair and charity-ball and charity-raffle business. It is proved that she has a genius for managing men, as witness the daily history of every household. Now, all these unmistakable talents being misapplied, great waste and discomfort ensue. We have conventions, bazaars for comatose churches, domestic differences as a result. The matches are laid away for safe keeping and handiness in the powder-keg. Every woman who fits an interesting, secure, and honest vocation is enabled thus to provide a safe for the matches and a vault for the powder-keg.

The enterprising firm of Woodhull, Claflin & Co. having, if we may say so, skirraished along the line for some months, proposes to enter the numerous and preternaturally active army of Wall street operators, with the cry of "a fair fight and no quarter." The young women who compose it, sharp, confident, daring, cautious, determined, instant in season and out of season, with the cry of "the street" familiar as their mother tongue, and the portents of the financial sky clear as the Great Dipper, certainly come full armed to the encounter. The men who occupy the field will probably give them a civil welcome, and no help. In Wall street every man is for himself and the devil for the hindmost. But these ladies do not intend to be hindmost, and if they are, they confess by their defeat that they have deserved the penalty.

We are especially glad to notice this venture. We do not believe that the genius of women is financial, or that Messrs. Woodhull and Company are likely to have many competitors among their own sex. But we are so deafened with demands for the unrestricted activities of women, so pestered with claims for the ballot and for office, that it is pleasant to see a woman do an unexpected and important thing without iteration and reiteration of her right to do it, and of the injustice, the tyranny of society in withholding her. If Woodhull, Claflin & Co. eclipse the reputation of Jay Cooke & Co., or even if they maintain a firm, reputable, and prosperous place among other business houses, they will have done more to enforce respect for the business capacity of women than all the windy aspirations of forced breath that have echoed in the walls of all the conventicles where woman's wrongs have been rehearsed and woman's rights demanded, the last twelve-month. If they do not—Admirable journalists, doctors, poets, artists, musicians, lecturers, astronomers, bookkeepers, directors of large establishments, have appeared among women and made themselves a worthy name. We have always welcomed them. Ability, determination, perseverance and courage shall have honor of us always. It is only profane and vain babblings from which we stop our ears.

"When a boy has learned that botany means a knowledge of plants," said the excellent Mr. Squeers, "he goes and knows 'em." We commend his philosophy to the attention of the Woman's Rights Association and the editors of the Revolution.

THE CONGRESSIONAL TREATMENT OF VIRGINIA.

From the N. Y. Times. The trials and tribulations of Virginia in its effort to regain admission to the Union do not add to the glory of the reconstruction policy. Their injustice is equalled only by their cruelty—their harshness only by their folly. The State long ago asked to be restored, and laws were on the statute-book providing for its restoration. But Congress withheld the necessary means, and the district commander was powerless in the premises. Then the delay for which Congress alone was responsible was made the pretext for fresh and stern conditions. These were modified at the instance of General Grant, and at the earliest practicable moment the State complied with the requirements of the Reconstruction acts. It ratified a Constitution confessedly "republican in form" and spirit, elected an Executive whose record as a Unionist will bear the strictest investigation, and a Legislature so moderate in its tone that scarcely a single member will suffer from the enforcement of the test supplied by the fourteenth amendment. The organization of the Legislature proceeded under an interpretation of the law rendered by Attorney-General Hoar, and previously sanctioned in the case of South Caro-

lina and other restored States. The Representatives and Senators elect are, as a whole, unobjectionable. And, to complete the story and remove the sole conceivable source of opposition, ex-Governor Wells, the radical candidate in the canvass, declared himself favorable to the admission of the State without loss of time. The declaration was honorable to him as a man and creditable to his sagacity as a politician.

Had Congress been wise, it would in these circumstances have interposed no obstacle whatever to the admission of the State. The President recommended admission, and prompt compliance would have been followed by the happiest results. Instead of that, however, we have witnessed a prolonged, vacillating, unjust, and wanton attempt to reopen the question, and subject the State to tests and tortures invented for the occasion. Good faith dictated admission; the State had fulfilled every requirement and was entitled to demand the promised privileges. But a vindictive and violent partisanship has sought to trample on the pledged faith of Congress, and to impose conditions for which there is not the slightest justification. The House remembered its obligations and did what it could to fulfill them. It adopted a measure providing for the unconditional restoration of the State. But the Senate, in obedience to impulses which have done much to weaken its hold upon the respect of the country, nurtured all manner of schemes for keeping the State out of the Union. Contrivances were invented for taking the affairs of the State out of the hands of its people, and placing them under the control of a few worthless adventurers. The aim of the extremists seemed to be, not to restore the Union, but to make reconstruction impossible. They proposed to enforce the test oath in defiance of the national sentiment, which is against it everywhere. They suggested conditions which have no warrant in the temper of the people or the circumstances of the State, whose general characteristics in respect of law and order are as favorable as those of Massachusetts or New York. They endeavored, in a word, to repudiate a solemn contract, to reopen controversies which the law had settled, and to assert pretensions that would render the whole work of reconstruction a fraud and a farce. Fortunately, calmer, wiser, more honorable counsels prevailed. And though the simple act of recognition which the House had sanctioned was not adopted in the original shape, the privosos which have been added really amount to very little. They are ungenerous, perhaps offensive, but there is nothing in them that need further hinder admission, or that should entail upon Virginia any serious inconvenience.

The President is right, then, when he advises the more tolerant Republicans of the House to accept the bill as it goes back from the Senate. There are mischief makers in the House who want but the opportunity to undo what has been done, and to consummate the evil begun in the Senate. These men would revive the thunders which they dare. The spirit which animates them in other days sanctioned the rack and the faggot. It is important that no chance be given them for the attainment of their purpose. The unconditional admission of Virginia would be most proper. But that being clearly impracticable, the Senate bill in its present shape is preferable at once if possible. Let the matter be ended at once if possible.

THE LATE GOLD CORNER.

From the N. Y. Herald. That disastrous "black Friday" to the Wall street bull ring on their gold corner, and the parties concerned in blowing up the bubble, are undergoing at Washington a Congressional investigation. On Saturday last Gould and Fisk, of the Erie Company, were before the inquisitorial committee, and the substance of their testimony is that their grand experiment was made up of moonshine and green cheese. Gould, it appears, after a mature consideration of the subject, gave it as his opinion that "all efforts to link the name of the President or Secretary of the Treasury with a gold corner were malicious fabrications; that he believed neither of those officers knew what was going on in Wall street in the running up of that rascally corner."

Fisk, however, who appears to have been the head devil of the ring, had his own story to tell. In September last the Erie Road was hard up—it was out of everything and was losing money. He saw a chance of making a raise on gold, and he resolved to go in. Gould seconded the motion, for he had seen Corbin, and gave Fisk a letter to Corbin, and that Fisk, after a full consultation or two with Corbin, was assured that he (Corbin) was all right behind the throne. Then there were more conferences with Corbin, and Fisk, he says, that while talking with Corbin he felt all right; "but as soon as he was away from him he did not feel so brave, and found himself getting shaky." At last, to remove all doubts, that special messenger Chapin was sent with a letter to the President, then at Washington, in Western Pennsylvania; and with Chapin's despatch that the latter had been delivered and was "all right," the matter was clinched. The running of the gold corner and the grand smash-up, with that famous order from the Treasury Department to "sell four millions," rapidly followed, when Fisk, as he informed the committee, thought it was about time to go round and see that d—d old fool, Corbin. It seems, however, that Corbin, with his cock-and-bull stories of letters from Mrs. Grant, and of his intention to go right on to Washington and make it all right with the President, still managed to pull the wool over the eyes of Fisk and fooled him as a Peter Funk feels a green country goeling. Fisk, moreover, thought that he had been betrayed by Butterfield. In short, from the reports of his testimony, Fisk is still as much betrayed and muddled as he was with the collapse of Corbin and his bubble on that fatal "black Friday."

Corbin is the man whose testimony, if truly given, will clear up this business. But where is Corbin? When last heard from he was out in Kentucky, reported sick. Since then, we hear his whereabouts cannot be learned. It is probable, too, that he may not turn up until this investigation is closed; and as it is apparent that, as the President's brother-in-law, he made himself the convenient instrument of the gold speculators in their scandalous, perilous, and disastrous venture of September last, regardless of truth, honor, and decorum, it would perhaps be as well for him never to show his face again, except as a criminal who, from point to point, carefully feels his way into obscurity and forgetfulness.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE OF WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY, No. 84 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. December 25, 1869. Notice is hereby given, that the Transfer Books of Wells, Fargo & Company will be CLOSED on the 19th day of JANUARY, 1870, at 3 o'clock P. M., to enable the Company to ascertain who are owners of the stock of the old Ten Million Capital. The owners of that stock will be entitled to participate in the distribution of assets provided for by the agreement with the Pacific Express Company.

OFFICE OF THE FREEDOM IRON AND STEEL COMPANY, No. 320 SOUTH THIRD STREET. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17, 1870. The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the FREEDOM IRON AND STEEL COMPANY will be held at the Office of the Company, No. 320 South Third Street, Philadelphia, on THURSDAY, February 3, 1870, at 12 o'clock M., when an Election will be held for thirteen Directors to serve for the ensuing year. The Transfer Books will be closed for fifteen days prior to the day of said meeting.

OFFICE OF THE BELVIDERE MANUFACTURING COMPANY. BELVIDERE, N. J., Dec. 3, 1869. Notice is hereby given to the STOCKHOLDERS of the BELVIDERE MANUFACTURING COMPANY respectively, that a meeting of the said Company will be held on the 15th day of February, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing Directors and of amending the Charter of the said Company. The books of the Company will be closed on the 15th day of February, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23, 1869. Warrants registered to No. 55,000 will be paid on presentation at this office, interest ceasing from date. JOSEPH F. MARGER, City Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD CO., Office, No. 227 S. FOURTH STREET. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23, 1869. DIVIDEND NOTICE. The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed on FRIDAY, the 1st instant, and reopened on TUESDAY, January 11, 1870. A dividend of FIVE PER CENT. has been declared on the Preferred and Common Stock, clear of National and State taxes, payable in CASH, on and after January 17, 1870, to the holders thereof as they shall stand registered on the books of the Company on the 1st instant. All payables at this office. All orders for dividend must be witnessed and stamped. S. BRADFORD, Treasurer.

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